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do." So he and Gorrane went, and all day long he was seen busy twisting firmly with all his might, a rope made from the fibres of the bog-fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part to be broiled for supper, and long before the following day break, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig his son, a boy of about fourteen years old, "Phadrig avich get up, come along with me." The boy, light and active, was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father with his wooden rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of the mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest; and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun and to seek for their prey over land and sea. "Phadrig a cushla, look down there," says the father, "look down below and see that bird's nest—down there you must go by the help of this rope; if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of this rope, and tie these straps that I will give you round the necks of yonder gaping greedy guts; don't choke them for the life of you, but just tie these ugly necks so tight that not one morsel can they swallow." "And now father sure it's I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and wring their necks off, and bring them up to you; but sure father the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles." "O that would not do at all at all Phadrig jewel, that would be the spoiling without the cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do, Phadrig, just as I bid you." "Well, father, mind you hold tight, and I will do your bidding." So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest—as he was bid, tightened well the necks of the young eaglets, so that they could not swallow; then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, another with a grouse in his talons, which they deposited in the nest and after a time flew away.

"Now Phadrig avourneen down with you again, and to be sure it's I that will hold you tight—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, its right and natrhal they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property." All this the boy did with address and exhibition; and in this manner were the family in the boobie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of safety.—*Sketches in Ireland.*

THE WILD AMERICAN PIGEON.

The following very singular circumstances respecting the wild pigeon of America, are taken from an account of them by John James Audubon, Esq. F. R. S. &c. &c. These birds migrate in flocks so vast over the whole extent of the United States of America, that we could scarcely credit the account, were it not sufficiently attested. Possessing great powers of flight, and great powers of vision, they pass over immense tracts of country in a short space, and can discern their food with a quick eye, alighting in prodigious numbers wherever they see a sufficient supply. Mr. Audubon, who in the autumn of 1813, travelled along the banks of the Ohio, says, "whilst waiting for my dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt river with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Yet not a single bird would alight; for not a nut or acorn was to be seen in the neighbourhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, and not even the report disturbed them in the least. But I cannot describe how beautiful their aerial evolutions were, if a black hawk appeared in their rear. At once, like a torrent, and with a thunder

like noise, they formed themselves into a solid compact mass, pressing each on each towards the centre; and when in such solid bodies, they zig-zagged to escape the murderous falcon, now down close over the earth, sweeping with inconceivable velocity, then ascending perpendicularly, like a vast monument; and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, resembling the coils of a gigantic serpent.

"Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Harboursburgh fifty miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession."

Concerning their numbers, he says, "We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above, of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in the flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

Mr. A. paid a visit to one of their roosting places, to which they repair at night, and where they are killed in hosts by persons who frequent the spot for that purpose. This place is not far from the Green River in Kentucky. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than 100 miles, had driven upwards of 300 hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than 150 miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of so many of the largest and tallest, so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equally that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a general cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying, sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted everywhere, one on the top of another, until masses of them, resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groupes, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners re-load them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I percei-

ved a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however the whole night; and as I was anxious to know what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but, long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that which they had arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, rackoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a hoard of buzzards and carrion-crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

The last breeze from Erin
Has passed o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now;
I leave thee my country!
Farewell! though thou art
The life pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart.
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I gaze where the bright scene
Falls back to the west,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast:
The bark bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze,—and I weep;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I weep, for thy spring-time
Of beauty is o'er;
And feel, while my dimm'd eye
Is on thy loved shore,
Like the mourner when, fixing
His gaze on the dead,
He bends o'er the cold earth
Whose spirit is fled;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

The tear-drooping willow
Hangs over thy lyre;
The chill-blast hath broken
Each soul-stirring wire:
Through the gloom of thy darkness
No day-beam appears;
And thy sweet type, Ierne,
Is gemm'd by thy tears;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more!
Perhaps to my country
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Though in darkness, Ierne,
Thy sun may have set;
Thy emerald bosom
I ne'er can forget;
And while o'er the deep ocean
The breeze bears my barque,
My heart like its billow,
Heaves deeply and dark:
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

CLOVER.

CLOVER will not flourish in land that has been long negligently cultivated, and consequently, full of weeds and couch-grass. It requires a clean, pure, rich soil, to luxuriate in, and insure a good crop. Steep it a few hours before sowing; the best way of doing which is, by leaving it in the bag, and putting it so into soft water. You may dry it quickly and sufficiently after for shaking, with a little quick lime reduced to powder.

As to the quantity to be sown, the Northumberland report advises 12lb. per statute acre on dry, friable soils, and from 14lb. to 18lb. on strong loams or clay, with one peck of perennial rye grass, where the crop is to be cut for soiling. When letting land out to pasture, a large proportion of white clover should be sown; as it will remain some years in the soil. The proper quantities for laying land down for pasture, are, 10lb. of red clover; 10lb. of white; 5lb. of trefoil; with 5 pecks of rye grass. Clover seed requires to be covered deeper than is generally practised and if sown with corn, should be thrown in after the first rough harrowing; the soil should be then well pulverised by the harrow and roller. When cattle are soiled on clover, take especial care not to give it to them when covered with dew or moisture; as in that state it is likely to cause them to become hoven or blown.

The expectant, but inexperienced farmer, may look in vain for a crop of clover, on exhausted and badly tilled land; it will merely vegetate,—soon be smothered,—and never flourish on such. A little experience will however soon teach him, that the failure was not caused, as he probably imagined by bad seed, too wet, or too dry weather; but by his own neglected culture. It is principally for this reason, that this crop is so much finer in England than with us. Indeed, our farmers have almost ceased to sow it from constant failures, frequently attributed to any thing but the right cause.

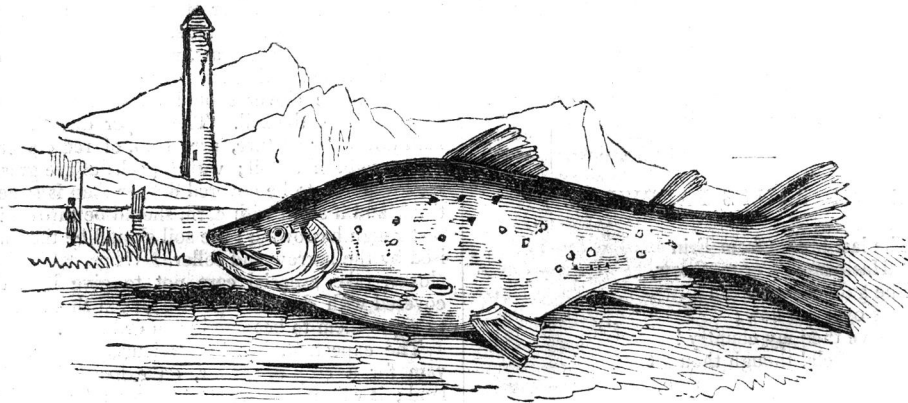
GRASS SEEDS.

SUCH lands as are not inclined naturally to grass, can hardly have too liberal a supply of seed, when intended for permanent pasture. There are other lands so much inclined to grass, that it is not desirable to go to the expense of laying down with grass seeds. I know some lands in this country where it would be unnecessary to sow them, as they would have a natural sward or sole of grass established in two years equal to that, which some other land I am acquainted with, would have in five or six. Grass-seeds, however, should invariably be sown where land is not so naturally inclined to kind herbage, and there will be great loss by not doing so; as there are some lands which would be almost unproductive for a length of time without them. The small landholders and farmers of this country, are too much in the habit of not sowing them, and their ground is frequently not only unproductive, but barren looking for years in consequence. A sufficient quantity to the acre, in land not inclined to grass, is four barrels; (three stone to the barrel.) Three barrels will be sufficient on land moderately inclined to grass; and where there is that great fertility or natural inclination to grass, which is not uncommon in the Emerald Isle, I would recommend not to sow any, as the natural herbage produced on such lands, will be sweeter and kinder for stock of all descriptions. In some lands of this kind, white clover grows naturally in the greatest abundance. And in June, the season when it luxuriates and imparts its delicious fragrance, will add much to the pleasure of ranging your fields, when as you go along, an idea or improvement often occurs to the mind, which may turn out beneficial to your farm.

When either grass-seeds or clover have been sown, with or without corn, when the crop is carried off, let it be fed on by nothing during the Autumn or Winter but sheep. If the land be at all wet, heavy stock will injure it much; you must therefore preserve it from such till dry weather sets in, and then have it well rolled, to close the soil about the roots, and afterwards it may be treated as a permanent pasture. Take care not to shake your grass-seeds on a windy day, as it will be impossible to do so evenly: a soft, moist day, being the best.—*Lambert's Rural Affairs of Ireland.*

FISHING IN IRELAND—THE GILLAROO TROUT.

The Gillaroo is a species or variety of trout not merely peculiar to Ireland, but found only in some of the lakes of the Shannon and the western part beyond it—a wild but romantic region, in which the lover of the picturesque, the antiquary, the naturalist, and the angler, will equally find sources of pleasure, and such as he could hardly meet with elsewhere.



a cavern festooned with foliage, and see the fisher boy, plying his rod beneath a living rock of sixty feet in thickness. We shall give a sketch of this extraordinary scene in a future number.

The peculiarities of the Gillaroo trout are so accurately described by Sir Humphry Davy in his charming little book, *Salmonia*, that we gladly present the passage to the reader, in preference to any thing we could ourselves offer.

Poiet.—I have heard various accounts of the excellent fishing in some of the great lakes in Ireland. Can you tell us any thing on the subject, and if the same flies may be used in that island?

Hal.—I have been several times in Ireland, but never at this season, which is considered as best for lake-fishing. I have heard, that in some of the lakes in Westmeath, very large trout, and great quantities may be taken in the beginning of June, with the very flies we have been using this day. Wind is necessary; and a good angler sometimes takes in a day, or rather formerly took, from ten to twelve fish, which weighed from three to ten pounds, and which occasionally were even larger. In the summer after June, and in the autumn, the only season when I have fished in Ireland, I have seldom taken any larger trout; but in the river Boyle, late in October, after a flood, I once had some sport with these fish, that were running up the river from Loch (Lough) Key to spawn. I caught one day two above three pounds, that took a large reddish brown fly of the same kind as a salmon fly; and I saw some taken that weighed five pounds, and heard of one that equalled nine pounds. These fish were in good season, even at this late period, and had no spots but were coloured red and brown—mottled like tortoise shell, only with smaller bars. I have in July, likewise, fished in Loch Con, near Ballina, and Loch Melvin, near Ballyshannon. In Loch Con the party caught many small good trout, that cut red; and in the other I caught a very few trout only, but as many of them were gillaroo or gizzard trout as common trout.

Poiet.—This must have been an interesting kind of fishing. In what does the gillaroo differ from the trout?

Hal.—In appearance very little, except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large thick muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three or four kinds; and though in those I caught the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily at the fly.

Poiet.—Are they not common trout which have gained the habit of feeding on shell-fish?

The fish from which the accompanying sketch was made was nineteen and one-half inches long, five and four-tenths thick, twelve and six-tenths in circumference, and weighed four pounds. It was caught with a worm, on the seventh of August, 1824, in a deep hole near the mill at Cong, in the county of Mayo, a spot of singularly romantic beauty. This hole or pool, is a portion of the river which connects Lough Mask with Lough Corrib, and whose course for the greater part is subterranean. Here we may descend into

Hal.—If so, they have been altered in a succession of generations. The common trouts of these lakes have stomachs like other trouts, which never, as far as my experience has gone, contain shell-fish; but of the gillaroo trout, I have caught some not larger than my finger, which have had as perfect a hard stomach as the larger ones, with the coats as thick in proportion, and the same shells within; so that this animal, is at least *now* a distinct species, and is a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way. I have often looked in the lakes abroad for gillaroo trout, and never found one. In a small lake at the foot of the Crest of the Brenner, above 4000 feet above the level of the sea, I once caught some trout, which, from their thickness and red spots, I suspected were gillaroo, but on opening the stomach I found I was mistaken; it had no particular thickness, and was filled with grasshoppers: but there were *char* which fed on *shell-fish* in the same lake.

Poiet.—You spoke just now of the gillaroo trout, as belonging only to Ireland. I can, however, hardly bring myself to believe, that such a fish is not to be found elsewhere. For lakes with shell-fish and char are common in various parts of Europe, and as the gillaroo trout is congenerous, it ought to exist both in Scotland and the Alpine countries.

Hal.—It is not possible from analogies of this kind to draw certain inferences. Subterraneous cavities and subterranean waters are common in various countries, yet the *Protius Anguinus* is only found in two places in Carniola, at Addilsburg and Sittich. As I mentioned before, I have never yet met with a gillaroo trout, except in Ireland.

We shall only add that the gillaroo trout is frequently taken of six or seven pounds weight, and that it is considered by many as a great luxury. P.

We must not let this opportunity pass, without returning the public our grateful thanks for the continued and largely increasing patronage with which they have rewarded our humble efforts to establish a little work of a national, useful, and entertaining character. We have been most anxious to merit general approbation, and our efforts will not now relax. We are now printing TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND copies weekly.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 56, Great Strand-street.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler; in Birmingham by Jenkinson; and in Glasgow by Niven, Jun.